

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1862.

RETURNED.

gira thence has always been constrained, the unfortunate exiles fleeing sorrowfully from their great prison-houses of oppression. A better day has dawned, and the blacks will be swift and keen to read its promise. For their future they see freedom, and that, too, in a section whose climate and soil are most coveted by them. At no time in the history of the country has any considerable movement of blacks northward been less than now, and the period cannot be far distant when the current will set in quite the opposite direction. In former times the fugitives from bondage comprised the most vicious and daring of the slaves. This is precisely the class that the present administration especially appeal to, that they remain where they are, and wait a little longer. The transfer of the more helpless and dependent class is a simple impossibility. They will remain at the South, save in the few scattered parties that find their way northward. The great problem of free labor will be wrought out upon the very soil where slavery has filled its measure of iniquities, conceived and failed; and with the very race it has made its victim.

In this pressing call for labor, we read a glorious promise of the future in store for this country when the war is past. The South impoverished, wasted and devastated, will furnish an abundant field for the employment of every fibre of muscle, white or black, within its territory, and the North by the rich rewards it will offer for industry, will win back the sons it has lent to the trade of arms, and will invite on such terms as were never offered before, the immigration of the old world. The first and only duty now is to end the war. All the rest is inevitably in store.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE TRUE SOUTHERN LABORERS.

There is a systematic attempt making for political reasons, to produce the impression upon the laboring classes in the North, and particularly upon the Irish, that if slaves are emancipated, they will come into competition with them; and, by glutting the labor market, will reduce the price of labor, and interfere with their wages. To unthinking men, there is so much probability in such statements as to demand examination and refutation. For if unprincipled men shall succeed in inflaming the passions of the laboring men in the North, and to the hatred of race, shall the blind fury of selfishness a good cause will be impeded, and the Administration will be embarrassed in carrying out its benevolent plan.

"We will bring colored laborers to the North, and will drain a great many out of it!"

There are physical and social reasons for this.

The colored man is a creature of the tropics, and all his aptitudes fit him for a warm climate. Even the temperate zones are not temperate to his heat-loving constitution. His skin is thirsty for the sun. He basks luxuriously in a heat that would scorch and consume a white man. In short, he is fitted by his nature for tropical latitudes, and is as much out of place in our cold temperate zones, as are oranges, plantains, or palm-trees.

Now does he willingly wander away from warm latitudes. It is only the loss of evil that he is persuaded to such exile. There can be no more extraordinary testimony to the black man's love of liberty, than that he submits to live in Canada. A white bear in the Gulf of Mexico, and a black man in the Arctic regions, are about equally matched.

Experiments have shown that this reluctance to live in cold climates has a physiological basis.

For the colored race do not thrive in cold climates. They do not multiply; they are not so robust; they fall into consumption easily, and waste away.

This is clearly shown in the statistics of negroes in New England and New York. It is very plain, then, that black men would never emigrate from the South to the North, except under some extraordinary pressure.

It is the dread and hatred of slavery that drives them, against their tastes, into an uncongenial climate.

If slavery continues, there will be a great influx of freed slaves into the Northern States. This is inevitable. But, if they are allowed their liberty in the South, no inducements will incline the slaves to exchange the glowing air of the South for the frigid and austere climate of the North. The local attractions are known to be strong. They live around the places where they were born and bred. They have a great deal of Southern feeling. They may be thankful for Northern kindness; but they are identified in their ideas, their pride, their whole method of living, with the South, and will never become Northerners.

If only slavery were removed, the black man would prefer to live among Southern men. Southern men understand his nature and necessities better than Northern men. A Northern man is methodical, industrious, enterprising. He expects from himself punctuality, diligence and frugality; and in even severer measure he extracts them from those who labor for him. He has learned to value time. In the North, "time is money." In the South, time has very little value. Less labor suffices, upon the luxuriant soils of the tropics, for the production of the articles of life. The heat of the climate makes labor almost intolerable. The true Southerner has a sympathy with the black man's easy and shiftless ways. Provided a black man keeps the place assigned to him, there is reason to believe that he is better treated in the South than in the North. He is not only allowed to follow any trade for which he has aptitudes, but he is encouraged to do it.

But, in the North, the black man has no place assigned him in society. The Irishman, no matter how low or beggarly, knows that his child may rise to any position in society. The father may be a vulgar, brutal writh. But the child goes to the public school; he becomes intelligent; he has a vigorous stock, and as soon as he emerges from his own family, he finds nothing which industry may earn, or ability achieve, or genius deserve, that is within him simply on account of race or parentage.

But it is not so with the black man. He is, for the most part, hindered in his efforts at education. As he grows up in intelligence, every step is marked with suffering. Except within the circle of his own people, he is excluded from the practice of the learned professions. A black lawyer would starve. A black physician could gain no considerable practice, however skillful, and though a perfect gentleman, and regularly educated, he could scarcely gain admittance into any medical society or association.

In what parish, except among his own people, could an African clergyman, though he were as learned, eloquent, and pious as Cyprian or Origen, be tolerated? Thus far, education seems to heighten the black man's susceptibility to social indignities, than to augment his power or increase his influence.

If we turn to the less informed, laboring classes of black men, what chance is permitted them? They are often compelled to find great staple industries by a prejudice which is a thousand times more effectual than could be a statutory law. There is hardly a single mechanical trade in which white men will allow blacks to labor by their side. Black men are allowed to be sailors, and to mingle with white shipmates without prejudice. To a very limited extent, they can labor in agriculture with white men. But, besides these, there is scarcely any trade or calling in which white laborers will permit black men to toil by their side.

It is in the face of such almost insuperable obstacles that politicians would persuade the ignorant, that black men will leave a climate they love, for one they dislike; a society where they are at least tolerated, for one where they are hated; a section where all mechanical labor are put into their hands, for one in which they are excluded from all; from where they may be blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, coopers, or where they may not even earn the hire of the bellow, or push the drudging cart!

There is more danger that water will run up hill!

Everything dissuades the black man from the North. The climate pinches him. Labor disdains him. Social prejudices exclude him from position.

The bitterest political animosities restrict his civil rights to a minimum. Even religion and philanthropy prefer to offer him inducements to colonization rather than to help him where he is.

On the other hand, should liberty be given to the black man, there would be a demand for his labor in the South greater than ever before. And upon a fair scale of wages, he would labor with vastly greater fidelity.

The first effect of emancipation would be, to withdraw from field labor a vast number of women, who, instead of being beasts of burden, would remain at home, in the appropriate duties of wives and mothers. Their place would have to be made good. This would tend to draw laborers from the North. The black man, for the most part, can give only unskilled labor. This labor is to be had to the rude husbandry of the South than for

the mechanical and agricultural industries of the North.

Every single circumstance tends to show that no fear was ever more unreasonable than that which evil-minded politicians are zealously diffusing among the unreflecting portion of Northern laborers. And it will be a good and wise task for every true patriot to reason with his neighbors whose prejudices have been excited, to show them that emancipation, which it is an act of sublimity, National Emancipation will not disturb the industrial economy either of the North or of the South. Whereas, the direct and inevitable effect of slavery in the South will be to drive increasing numbers of black men into the North.

Slavery keeps up a competition with Northern cheap labor. Emancipation will destroy all competition, and leave white labor in the North without impediment.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE GIANTS TO BE SLAIN.

The *Greenfield Gazette* and *Courier*, criticizing the sham "People's Convention" at Faneuil Hall, sensibly says:

"The whole fight is to be on Gov. Andrew and Charles Sumner. These are the giants to be slain. Why? Do not they support the President in all his measures? Has not Sumner eloquently rallied the people to do this same thing? Did he not do it, in words of living fire, in his letter to the Republican State Convention? Has he not just done it in Faneuil Hall? Could Judge Parker or Judge Abbott himself, (who wrote the present resolutions,) write a more patriotic letter? Why then, out our Sumner? Why, except that years ago these men hated him politically, and they cannot rule out that old animosity? Certainly, we cannot send a man to the Senate who will make Massachusetts feel as much as Mr. Sumner. To remove him is to belittle Massachusetts. Moreover, it would be hailed throughout the South as an *indication of opposition to the war*, and would encourage the enemy to new efforts. Thus it would very likely be the murder of slavery—no one knows how many—of our own beloved sons and friends in the South. No, we have got to believe that we love our own children? There must be a devil in the heart if we do. Let us be careful how we cheer the enemy by a display of personal or political spleen against our own men. If we are agreed in our support of the government in all its measures, it is folly to quarrel among ourselves, and thus diminish the power we might, if united, furnish to the government. It is like the men litigating about their cow—one having the cow by the tail, the other by the horns, while the lawyer laughingly milks the teats. The rebels, like the lawyer, will laugh and get the milk, while we, like the litigants, exhaust our strength in trying to pull the cow in triumph away from each other. Wise men, truly!

No, citizens of Massachusetts! It is not the time now to turn overboard true and tried servants. We are sorry to see the attempt. We are sorry that men, whose patriotism we do not doubt, are so blinded by old party sordidness which they have adopted in a course of action which, so far as we are concerned, will be hailed as a triumph of the rebel sympathizers in the North, and as a star of hope by the rebels in the South. We had better look sharp before we join this political raid. We can support the President just as well and better, in the old organizations. He will feel that the help he gets from the success of an opposition party in Massachusetts is help backwards instead of forward. Let the rank stand firm."

EXTREME PERSONAL HATE.

The partisanship of the People's Convention all centres in opposition to Charles Sumner. It is as pure an instance of personal hate on the part of its leaders as was ever exhibited. This animosity comes solely from the fact that he was the earliest and has been the most persistent advocate of what is now the policy of the nation. They hate Mr. Sumner, not because he is personally unamiable; not because there is a flaw in his moral character; or a doubt as to the purity of his intentions; not because he has not represented the opinion of Massachusetts, and faithfully advocated her best interests on every point affecting her material prosperity. They hate him, because he has been a star of hope to us, and he has been the most conspicuous and uncompromising foe to the encroachments of Southern slavery. And now that the President has ranged himself on Mr. Sumner's side, in opposing him, they oppose the Administration. No man needs to be deceived who does not wilfully blind himself. All of us see the *New York World*, *Vallandigham*, and the *Woods of Braintree*. In each case, the audience was unusually large and of the most solid character; and the sentiments advanced were listened to with the closest attention, and elicited the warmest approval.

GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Our vigilant friend G. W. S. referred last week to some of the doings of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has just finished its sixteen days' session in the city of New York. The majority of the delegates to that body, as well as of the Episcopal churches in this country, continue faithful in their adherence to the interests of slavery. They have long been accustomed to see slavery upheld by the United States Government, and to bear full and true allegiance to both these powers, welcoming to the Church that tyranny which was supported by the State. Now that the State has turned against slavery, they are disconcerted and puzzled, and hesitate even at condemning rebellion, when it is made by their friends the slaveholders, and supported by those venerable fathers in God, the Southern Bishops. Nothing could have interfered with their hearty and prompt expression of loyalty to the Government, but the conflicting habit of bearing true allegiance to slavery. As it was, they hoped to evade the trouble by silence; and not until the third day of their meeting was that silence broken.

On the third day, Mr. Brunot, of Pennsylvania, who had just arrived from the battle-field of Antietam, broached the tabooed subject. He was surprised to see in the Convention nothing that would indicate that the nation was at war, and at war with rebels; and he was surprised to hear that it was not intended that anything should be introduced relative to the state of the country and a divided church. He offered resolutions—which recognizing the two important facts that an extensive rebellion was warring against the civil power, and that a portion of the Church had separated itself from the portion thereon—suggested no further than to ask for a form of prayer suited to this double emergency.

This very moderate proposition raised a storm of execration. The motion was vehemently opposed by some and defended by others, but the majority desiring to avoid even discussion on that subject, the resolutions were laid on the table, by a vote of 75 to 31. A motion to reconsider, after a long and excited discussion, met with the same fate.

Mr. Hoffman, of New York, then offered a preamble and series of resolutions to the same general effect, but still more moderate. The next day, Judge Carpenter offered a very brief resolution as a substitute, touching the important subjects in question as gently as they could be touched, and this last, after opposition and debate, was adopted.

In the course of four days, the Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church had got so far as to decide that the existing facts of rebellion, civil war, separation of the States and separation of the Church, demanded some action on their part, and that the appropriate and sufficient action was—the manufacture of a new form of prayer."

Further discussion of these matters, however, was found to be inevitable, and was resumed, from time to time, until the close of the Convention. The most energetic action of this body was the adoption, after long debate, of a lengthy series of resolutions, prepared by a Committee of nine, and read to the Convention by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of this city. The substance of them was a recognition, first, of the "duty of all men who are professors of the Gospel to pay respectful obedience to the Civil Authority," and next, of the deep and grievous wrong which certain men, in certain States, "will have inflicted" . . . "should they persevere in striving to rend asunder those civil and religious bonds which have so long held us together in peace, unity and concord."

In all the action of this Convention was nothing recognizing slavery as the cause of the rebellion, or recognizing it as a sin or an evil, or referring to it in any way whatever.

Among the slaveholding rebels who are now waging a war of sufficient magnitude to endanger the very existence of this Union are thousands of Episcopalians, Bishops, clergy and laity. Neither their habitual practice of the enormous wickedness involved in slaveholding, nor their attempt to fortify that wickedness by rebellion, nor their iniquitous and perverse conduct of that rebellion as their inauguration and purpose of that rebellion, will be denied.

Those who wish to see this bust are invited by the sculptor to call at his room, 24 Tremont Row, (up two flights of stairs,) at any hour between 9 and 2.

NEW BUST OF WENDELL PHILLIPS. Mr. E. A. Brackett, well known to the public by his statue of the Shipwrecked Mother and Child, and by his bust of John Brown, has just completed a bust of Wendell Phillips. Some of the most competent judges esteem it a complete success, wanting nothing, either as a likeness, or as a work of art.

Thoreau is said to have declared that clay was life, plaster death, and marble resurrection. The work in question forms a happy exception to this rule, having lost nothing in passing from clay to plaster.

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There will be published, on the first of December next, by Robert F. Wallcut, 221 Washington street, Boston, an interesting volume entitled "THE BLACK MAN, His Antecedents, His Genius, and His Achievements, with Biographical Sketches of many Distinguished Individuals of the Race"; by Wm. Wells Brown." Further details respecting this book will be given hereafter. Those who know the talents and the industry of Mr. Brown will expect to find both interest and instruction in his narrative; and the subject is one on which most of us need information.

For bargains in wholesale and retail clothing, advertisement of L. D. Boiss & Co., 164 Washington Street, in another column.

OUR POSITION.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, for November, contains—The Causes of the Rebellion, by Hon. F. P. Stanton; Word-Murder; Stewart, and the Dry Goods Trade of New York, by W. Frothingham; Unbiased Growth, by John Neal; Red, Yellow and Blue; One of the Million, by Caroline Cheesecro; Las Oraciones, by C. K. Tuckerman; A Merchant's Story, by Edmund Kirke; The Union, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; The Wolf Hunt, by Charles G. Leland; Macaroni and Canvas, by Henry P. Leland; The Proclamation, by Charles G. Leland; The Press in the United States, by Hon. F. P. Stanton; War He Successor; by Richard B. Kimball; Aurora, by Horace Greeley; From Mount Lafayette, White Mountains; The Homestead Bill, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; Literary Notices, &c.

We have already stated the addition to the editorial corps of this able magazine. The office of publication has now been removed to New York, whither all exchange should be addressed.

The following is the table of contents of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November:—1. Wild Apples. 2. Life in the Open Air. 3. Louis Lebeau's Conversion. 4. The Development and Overthrow of the Russian Serf-System. 5. Mr. Axel. 6. At Syria. 7. Methods of Study in Natural History. 8. Blind Tom. 9. Kindergarten—What is it? 10. A Picture. 11. Two and One. 12. The New Atlantic Cable. 13. The Cabalistic Words. 14. Conversations. 15. Opinions of the Leaders of Secession. 16. The Home and the Man. 16. How to Choose a Rifle. 17. The President's Proclamation.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XXIII, illustrated with steel portraits of the late Maj. Gen. Kearney and Stonewall Jackson, continues its invaluable "Diary of American Events" down to the reduction of Fort Pulaski. New York: G. P. Putnam, Publisher, 52 Broadway; C. T. Evans, Gen'l Agent, 448 Broadway.

LES MISÉRABLES. Jean Valjean. A novel by Victor Hugo. New York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway.

This volume completes the wonderful series from the pen of the great French exile. The work has received almost universal admiration in this country; but, from the part before us, (not having read those which precede,) we hardly feel like forming a judgment, even on the principle of *ex parte Hercule.*

THE SLAVE POWER: its character, career, and probable designs: being an attempt to explain the great issues involved in the American contest. By J. C. C. Birney, M. A., Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway; and late Whately Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin. New York: Carlton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co., and by Robert F. Wallcut, Anti-Slavery Office, one dollar.

We have read four of the nine chapters of this excellent book, which will take rank with Gasparin's "Uprising of a Great People," in clearness of apprehension and soundness of judgment, and even surpass it in the accuracy of its details—which ought not to be surprising. The two works differ essentially in their mode of regarding slavery, the Englishman confining himself to the economic, the Frenchman to the ethical side of the question. But each has its uses; and no more convincing argument than both combined could be placed in the hands of that American who will not heed the prophets of his own country, but is susceptible of being affected by words spoken from a distance of three thousand miles, and void of interest, passion, or prejudice.—W. P. G.

THIRD FRATERNITY LECTURE.

The lecture, last Tuesday evening, was given by Rev. Robert Collier, of Chicago. He thought there was but one subject for men to think of, speak of and act upon now, the war, and the way to make it effective and successful. He had formerly been a peace man; but now, when he searched the Bible for texts to guide his conduct, he could find none but this—"He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."

He praised Lincoln, as giving good intentions, honesty, and various other merits, but specified three serious errors that he had committed. First, he had chosen as his chief advisers men who had been aspirants for the Presidency at the time of his own election. Four out of six of his Cabinet (before Mr. Cameron was sent to Siberia) were defeated and disappointed men, not likely to be zealous in making his administration successful. Second, he chose his policy from the Believers, the milk-poultice party; a party that under the guise of loyalty, brooded over the eggs of treason till they were hatched. The third and most fatal mistake was that he went to the pro-slavery Democrats for his Generals, keeping Banks, Hunter, Fremont and Phelps active, while he gave the most important commands to men who sympathized with the cause of the rebellion, and did not even wish to see the South conquered in the particular interest for which she has made the war.

He attributed the failure of his troops, their want of discipline, their unshaking firmness in the deepest difficulties, to the fact that they had been extorted from the world in which they had been extorted—men of iron, and men of steel; the elasticity with which they had been trained; the elasticity with which they had been educated. It is real. It showed itself in the war in the orders and proclamations of its General in the messages of the rebel Congress, and the real good breeding and humanity (contrary to a grossly encouraged public impression) with which not seldom divines in pulpits, stores, and elsewhere, as favorable as possible. It is real. It extended to its own self-respect. Well is Gen. McClellan reported to be, as he watched their obstinate fight at Antietam, and saw them retreating in perfect order in the midst of the most frightful

GOVERNOR ANDREW'S ACCEPTANCE OF HIS RE-NOMINATION.

WORCESTER, Sept. 12, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR.—As the presiding officer of the State Convention held in this city on the tenth instant, agreed to a call addressed by the Republican State Committee, to a meeting of the people of the State to support the National and State Government, I have the honor to inform you that the delegates unanimously nominated you for the office of Governor of Massachusetts for the ensuing year.

Very truly and respectfully yours,
A. H. BULLOCK.

BOSTON, October 18, 1862.

Hon. A. H. Bullock, President of the Republican State Convention.

MY DEAR SIR.—I am reminded that until now I have not responded to your letter of October 12th, apprising me of my nomination for re-nomination. The State Convention held on October 10th at Worcester. This delay I am sure you will pardon, since the subject-matter is so far personal to myself that I felt entitled to place it on the file of those things, which in the pressure of contending cares, might easily be passed over with the least inconvenience to others. Meanwhile, silence was, in itself, an acceptance of the nomination.

And now I beg leave, my dear sir, to avail myself of this opportunity to present, through you, my sincere acknowledgments for this repeated assurance of favor, and to express my hearty gratitude for the generous co-operation with which the People of Massachusetts have received and seconded my humble efforts in their service.

So you see the exciting element of slavery, like Banquo's ghost, will not, thank God! "down" at our bidding. Mr. Pierpont, in the course of his remarks, spoke of his early labors as an Abolitionist, when, in 1840, he worked side by side with Garrison; and such labor did not fail to acquaint him with the slavery of the South, till Sumner had taken off its chains. This episode in the Autumnal Convention is not to be regretted, but rather hailed as a good omen—the administration of God's rebuke for the past, and encouragement for the future.

G. W. S.

LETTER FROM REV. DANIEL FOSTER.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, (Va.) Oct. 17, 1862.

DEAR GARRISON.—Watchman, what of the night?

When and where will the morn of our deliverance dawn?

With most anxious solicitude the patriot, from day to day, asks these and similar questions. The nation is convulsed with civil war, the like of which has rarely, if ever, been seen. What are we fighting for?

The corrupt politicians of the old school say, "For the Union and the Constitution as they were."

By which they mean the supremacy of the Slave Power,

and the subserviency of the South to our Northern masters.

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Poetry.

For the Liberator.

THE VOICE OF FANEUIL HALL.

SIXTH OF OCTOBER, 1862.

AY, echo still the peerless strain,
Ye walls, that oft have rung
With words unworthy of our race,
Unworthy of our tongue.
Where Boston's earliest heroes stood,
At menaced Freedom's call,
Her noblest, bravest, stands to-day,
Freedom to urge for all!

AY, echo still the glorious strain,
Liberty's Cradle-hymn!
Her altar-fires are not yet quenched,
Though oft obscured and dim;
Relighted, how they glow to-day!
While, at her High-Priest's call,
Thousands of swelling, burning hearts
"Freedom," respond, "for all!"

Look, Massachusetts, proudly up!
The flag of star and flame
With a new splendor floats to-day,
Reflecting from one name;
They brave young sons fight to defend,
And, bravely fighting, fall—
He plants it, far from Treason's reach,
Where Freedom shelters all!

What is thy gift to him who bears
The Banner of the Free
Where it shall bless the lifted eyes
Of wide Humanity?
Honor thyself by honoring him,
Is the firm patriot call
From Past, from Future, and To-day—
The voice of Faneuil Hall!

THE CARTE DE VISITE.

"Twas a terrible fight," the soldier said,
"Our Colonel was one of the first to fall,
Shot dead on the field by a rifle-ball—
A braver heart than his never died."

A group for the painter's art were they;
The soldier with scard and sunburnt face;
A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace;
And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in a porch where the sunlight came
Through the tangled leaves of the jasmin vine,
Spilling itself like golden wine,
And seeking the door-way with wings of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way;
For the air was sultry with summer heat;
The road was like ashes under his feet;
And a weary distance before him lay.

"Yes, a terrible fight—our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the ranks raised our colors, and then
He, too, fell dead on the same spot."

"A handsome boy was this last. His hair
Clustered in curly round his noble brow :
I can almost fancy I see him now,
With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

"What was his name?—have you never heard?
Where was he born, this youth who fell?
And your regiment, stranger, which was it, tell?"
"Our regiment? It was the Twenty-third."

The color fled from the young girl's cheek,
Leaving it white as the face of the dead;
The mother lifted her eyes, and said :
"Pity my daughter—in mercy speak !"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth,"
The soldier answered, "not even his name,
Or from what part of our State he came :
As God is above, I speak the truth !"

"But when we buried our dead that night,
I took from his breast this picture—see !
It is as like him as like can be;
Hold it this way toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half wild,
Pased over her face, which grew more pale ;
Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken wail,
And the mother bent low o'er her prostrate child.

From the Salem Gazette.

EMANCIPATION.

The day has come : the blessed day
Long prayed for by the slaves,
When the heavy stones are rolled away
From their hearts' secret graves.

Their buried hopes shall now arise;
Their faith shall upward soar;
And joy bears from a thousand eyes,
Where never known before.

For God, who led his children through
The Red Sea's parted waves,
Now makes his words of promise true,
Even to these wretched slaves.

Often the stern command we heard,
To let His people go :—
Always, in deed if not by word,
We coldly answered, "No!"

Until, at last, as through the flood
He made of old, a way,
He brings through seas of crimson blood
The bondmen out to day.

The Lord hath heard His people's voice,
Hath listened their cry ;
He bids their fainting hearts rejoice—
Deliverance is nigh.

Bowdoin College, 1862.

From the Independent Democrat.

LINES FOR THE CRISIS.

Believers Richmond proudly flaunts
Her Stars and Bars upon the breeze,
And haughtily the Southern taunts
The Northern Saxon, to appear

His wounded pride, his vengeful hate ;
Yet written is their doom by fate.

Five hundred thousand warriors bold
Encircle them on every hand,
And like the sweep of the deep, deep sleep,
In sordid masses they shall sweep.

On rebel city, site and plain,
Shouting the war-cry of the free,
And blood shall flow—a crimson rain—
Until the Slave a Freeman be !

The banner of Secession bars
Shall fall before the stripes and stars.

As the dark cloud above as spread
Before the morning sun shall flee,
So shall Secession's Gorgon head

Flee at thy glancy, sweet Liberty !

Before us Glory's iris sits,
Brighter than "Sun of Austerita."

E. SAMSON.

SONNET.

The following graceful sonnet is in the dedication of Charles T. Conlong's poem, "The Warning of the War," delivered at Dartmouth College :—

TO SIDNEY HOWARD GAY, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

Receive, dear Gay, these rude but honest rhymes—

Or all is good in them, a debt, receive,

As what your pen has taught me to believe,

Or friendly converse in these hostile times !

Our sky is dark and blood-red ; and the hour

Full of God's wrath ; yet if some small delight

Remain of happier days, 'tis years of right,

Who have not learned in all your life to cower.

Yours is the sorrow ; yours is not the shame,

Whose aye asiduous finger has not failed

So many years to point to our ill fate,

And coming retribution ; now assail.

Our peace, no heart by yours will warmer yearn,

If but our wrong's removed, to mark our peace return !

THE LIBERATOR.

The Liberator.

OBITUARY.

MANCHESTER, (N. H.) Oct. 11, 1862.

On the 6th of October, the morning papers of this city contained the following notice :—

EUGENE KINCAGE FOSS died yesterday forenoon, at the residence of his father, Rev. A. T. Foss, of this city, quite unexpectedly. He went out with the Fourth Regiment, a year ago, as member of the Cornell Band, which he returned a week ago last Thursday. The band separated soon after citizens the Saturday evening following, and young Foss was with them at first, but, after playing a few pieces, complained of sickness, and went home and did not go out afterwards. He had not been well that day. He died of bilious fever, the seeds of which he probably brought with him. Dr. Wm. R. Royce, his physician, said he was not considered dangerous. Yesterday morning he sat up in a chair, and thought he was better, but soon grew worse, went into a spasm, and soon breathed his last.

He was an only son, and one of whom his parents well pleased.

We will say nothing. He was a long time in our employ as a publisher. He was a young man of unexceptionable good character, trustworthy and honorable, and dearly beloved by all his associates. His sudden death brings deep sorrow to many in this community. He possessed much ability as a musician, and was a very good writer, and if he had lived, would have made his mark in the world. He went to Europe one of the performers with Father Kemp. He was 25 years of age. —*Daily Mirror.*

Mr. Foss was well known to our readers as an accomplished musician, having been for several years a member of the Manchester Cornell Band and other musical associations of our city. He was a praiser by trade, and was an excellent workman. As a musician he was well known, and had the most brilliant prospects before him. He travelled for some time with Father Kemp's Concert through the United States, and accompanied them to Europe. He was a very intelligent young man, and by his general manners he endeared himself to a very large circle of friends. His death will carry sorrow with it, and soon enjoyed his acquaintance. —*Daily American.*

The funeral services of the late Eugene Kincage Foss, whose death on Sunday has already been noticed, took place yesterday afternoon, at the Lowell Street Universalist Church. The house was filled with the many friends of the deceased, including the Band and the Printers of the city.

The funeral service commenced with an appropriate voluntary, Mr. David Cutler presiding at the organ, which was followed by the sad strains of the "Misere," from Il Trovatore, by the Fourth Regiment Band, who were present to pay their last tribute to one who for the past year shared their hardships and pleasures. After the reading of a portion of the Scripture, a select choir sang the 69th hymn, commencing :—

"Brother, rest from sin and sorrow,
Death is o'er, and life is won." —*Daily Mirror.*

The Rev. B. F. Bowles spoke in a pathetic and touching strain on the solemn occasion, in substance as follows :—

"Yes, a terrible fight—our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the ranks raised our colors, and then
He, too, fell dead on the same spot."

"A handsome boy was this last. His hair
Clustered in curly round his noble brow :
I can almost fancy I see him now,
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"What was his name?—have you never heard?
Where was he born, this youth who fell?
And your regiment, stranger, which was it, tell?"
"Our regiment? It was the Twenty-third."

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The mother lifted her eyes, and said :
"Pity my daughter—in mercy speak !"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth,"
The soldier answered, "not even his name,
Or from what part of our State he came :
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"But when we buried our dead that night,
I took from his breast this picture—see !
It is as like him as like can be;
Hold it this way toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half wild,
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